

NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

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Only fifty-four days more of Cleveland.

Everybody should wish success to the grand Moody campaign for the spiritual stimulation of the churches of Greater New York and the conversion of sinners. It is a campaign backed by money, organizing brains and determined earnestness. There can be no doubt that, whether it accomplishes all its designers hope or not, it will result in much good. The whole community is benefited by the transformation of even one citizen from a state of moral lethargy into one of activity.

The kind of sinners specially aimed at have every reason to be ashamed of themselves, and it is to be wished that they shall be awakened to the perils as well as the despicableness of their present position. Mr. Moody, who, it is to be presumed, speaks for the financial supporters of the contemplated revival and for his co-workers in the cause, assumes that there are multitudes of men and women hereabout who are restrained from professing Christianity, not by intellectual difficulties, but merely because they shrink from the ethical and other obligations of church membership. They are believers as truly as Mr. Moody himself, but they love pleasures which are not countenanced by the evangelical sects, or are given to fashion, or levity, or grave sin in which, as church people, they could not consistently indulge. The least wicked of these men and women are classed as "the indifferent," and they are greatly in the majority. In their lives they differ so little from the ordinary professing Christian that only the expert can distinguish them. The minority, a much more hopeful lot from the point of view of the exhorter, are downright rebels against the moral code, and know it. They, as believers, stand in fear of punishment hereafter, and that gives the warning evangelist a strong hold to start with. It is much to be desired that all these wanderers, the careless and the guilty, will be brought into the fold, for it is necessarily lowering to any man to live contrary to his conviction of what is right. And by proper effort the churches can be enormously recruited from their ranks. They are in the vanguard in politics the Democrat or Republican is who is so unpatriotic and egotistic as not to take the trouble to vote.

Persons who, influenced by the scientific and sceptical spirit of the age, are deterred from embracing Christianity because they reject all supernaturalism, do not concern the revivalist immediately. They may be left to the last on the good principle that it is well to look after one's own household before extending charity to the stranger. The appeal of this great Christian revival is primarily to the Christian who, from any cause, is reluctant to join the church. The val is needed, and we are confident that it will be very fruitful.

SHALL WE LEGALIZE VICE?

Dr. Parkhurst has been thrown into a frenzy by the news that the Legislature is talking about a bill establishing supervision over the social evil and restricting it to a certain district of this city. And no wonder. Such a law would undo everything the good doctor has been laboriously doing for the past four or five years. He is perfectly right in fighting it tooth and nail. It would be a philanthropy.

What of us? Would it be a bad thing accepting Dr. Parkhurst?

a question nobody wants to answer off to a question to which only one answer is spoliates who have visited Yokohama and they prefer the yugomachi to the Alhambra after dark, with regard to public morality.

an to debate whether it is better to make a comparatively moral for the immoral and comparatively immoral for the moral man, as New York is now; or vice versa, as Yokohama is.

INQUEST ON THE CHOATE BOOM.

The Union League Club's Committee of Fifty, appointed to further the candidacy of Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate for the United States Senate, has been called to meet at the club this afternoon. It is not going to be a ratification meeting, with huzzas and speeches and champagne cup. A few weeks ago several enthusiastic persons anticipated. Alas, no! Far, very far from it! It is going to be a memorial meeting. Those present will wear crepe on their hopes and a sad expression. They will walk softly and communicate in chastened whispers. Presently a quartet will softly sing that beautiful anthem, "Pull for the Shore," and various bereaved friends of the deceased boom will say a few words of eulogy and sorrow; after which it will be buried in sections in the hearts of those present.

But it is safe to say that regret will be pretty generally confined to that little body of faithful mourners. Other people, remembering Mr. Choate's record as a trust defender, will coldly repeat the old proverb so completely apropos of the case:

To trust is to bust;
To trust is grave—
No trust, no bust;
No bust, no grave.

GAS RATES IN SMALLER CITIES.

When Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, began the fight which ended in the reduction of the gas rate in that city from \$1.50 per thousand to \$1—and even less when the gas is used for fuel—the head of the gas company declared that dollar gas was only profitable in the larger cities. In a small city like Detroit, he urged, nearly every item of expense is relatively greater. The manufacturing plant to supply a small city costs nearly as much as the manufacturing plant to supply a great city. The cost of superintendence is nearly as great in one case as in the other. The relative cost of laying mains is always far more in a small city, where each family has a separate house and yard, than in a large city, where there are from ten to a hundred families on every block. Mayor Pingree, sensibly, did not deny the validity of these considerations. He simply sent his stenographer to Cleveland, Ohio, and the stenographer brought back official information proving that gas could be profitably supplied in a city as small as Detroit for much less than a dollar. The stenographer's report, as summarized in the Detroit Free Press, was as follows:

Until May, 1891, the price of gas to consumers in Cleveland was \$1 per 1,000 cubic feet. Since that time the price has been 50 cents per 1,000. The reduction was made as the result of a thorough investigation into the cost of making gas and supplying it to the consumers by the city authorities. The City Council passed an ordinance fixing the price of gas at 60 cents per 1,000. The gas company refused to accede to the demands of the ordinance, and the city sought to enforce the ordinance through the courts. But before a decision was reached the gas company sent a communication to the Council, making the following proposition in settlement of the case:

1. They agreed to accept an ordinance fixing the price of gas for ten years at 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

2. They agreed to pay into the city treasury 50 per cent of the

Gross receipts from the sale of gas (5 cents per 1,000 cubic feet). 3. They agreed to pay the costs of the court in the pending litigation, and also the amount expended by the city in the suits.

With this evidence before the public, the claim of the Detroit gas company that it could not supply gas profitably for \$1 per thousand fell to the ground, and the company soon began to prove by its works the falsity of its words. The force of its argument, however, that large cities can be profitably supplied at a much lower rate than small cities remains unrefuted, and bears with great directness upon the present situation in New York. If the gas companies of Cleveland and Detroit can supply gas profitably for less than a dollar, the gas companies of New York can supply gas at a dollar and still secure extortionate profits.

THE ENGLISH VIEW OF DEMOCRACY.

The proverbial American in London who complains that English publications print columns about events in Timbuctoo and dismiss the United States with a paragraph can find no such fault with the January number of the National Review. This dignified and able review, which, by the way, is the recognized organ of the Conservatives, has lately shown deep interest in American affairs, and in the current issue it devotes fully four-fifths of its editorial comment to this country.

All this comment is valuable, but the most interesting part of it is the Review's discussion of the late Presidential election. It seems that our Tory friend, Mr. G. W. Smalley, has been misleading the British public, through the medium of the Times, on the subject of the election. Among other things he called the Times that "the true American rejoices over the rescue of his country, over the utter failure of an organized, subsidized, socialistic and totally unscrupulous conspiracy against the Republic." For this "sorry twaddle," as it calls it, the Review takes Mr. Smalley sharply to task, and tells its readers that "one might just as well say: 'The true American deplores the subjection of his country to an organized, corrupt, bullying and totally unscrupulous conspiracy carried on by the trusts, monopolies and combines, which aim at establishing an oligarchy on the ruins of the Republic.'"

Thereupon the Review offers Mr. Smalley \$500 "if he will point out, to the satisfaction of two out of three English Conservative Peers, or members of the House of Commons, any Socialist plank in the Chicago platform; the correspondent on his side to forfeit \$500 in case of failure." And it goes on to make this assertion, which is likely to astound the persons who have frightened themselves into believing the United States much more radical and in much greater danger of Socialism than Great Britain:

There was no socialism in the Chicago platform, which was the mildest programme ever enunciated by an "advanced" party; and apart from its declaration in favor of national bimetallism (against which no one who regards Mr. McKinley as his prophet can murmur), it contains no proposal which the average steady-going English Conservative need shy at, while the modern Tory Democrat would be highly disgusted at so meagre a bill of fare.

So it seems that sober British sense does not agree with the superior persons in this country who have lately been firing frantic epithets of opprobrium at those of us who do not see everything from their point of view. Perhaps the discovery may set the superior persons to thinking along lines which may possibly lead to the conclusion that their pompous patriotism and melodramatic alarm for the Republic have made them ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

"Distinguished by treachery and malicious efforts to disturb the course of national prosperity."

"It is treasonable and an abettor of the influences which are working for the injury of the Republic and the people."

"Is deliberately assisting the snarling forces of Anarchy which are striving for the political and social destruction of this country."

"It is a wicked and demagogical effort to continue and intensify the evils and the dangers to the welfare of this people."

"It is seeking to destroy the harmony necessary to prosperity."

"It has become wholly evil and pernicious."

"Shame and disgrace upon the!"

The above quotations, gentle and affrighted reader, are not from the writings of some frenzied patriot, endeavoring adequately to characterize the trusts which corrupt legislators. Oh, no! They are from an editorial in Wednesday morning's Sun, which thus denounces the Union League Club of this city because—the reason is given in the exact language of the Sun—"It has begun an attack on corporations."

The New York Times finds something exqu岸ely humorous about the sale of Mrs. Lease's home under foreclosure of a mortgage, but fails to give proper editorial attention to the news, noted in its columns, that Secretary Carlisle's estate in Johnson County, Ky., has just been sold for taxes. "So excellent a chance to moralize on the text, 'The rain falls alike on the just and the unjust'—with unhampered opportunity to define which was just and which unjust—ought not to have been missed. When the worshippers of the golden calf suffers equally with its reviler it seems time to dethrone the idol as an unmitigated hoodoo.

"The country knows little or nothing of the Charles W. Fairbanks who is about to be returned as United States Senator from Indiana," says the World. Among the things which it might interest the country to know is the fact that when a certain Treasurer Ramsey, of Illinois, died leaving a heavy deficit about two years ago a note of Fairbanks for \$14,000 was found among the assets of the State, indicating that he had been borrowing State money for his individual use.

An air motor car took a party of Third avenue surface-road officials from Fort Lee ferry to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and to the Boulevard, thence to Forty-second street and sixth avenue and returned over the same route, all with one charge of compressed air. Yet the traction company insist on tearing up Fourth and Sixth avenues to put in the underground trolley. Can't it be done off?

Our contemporary, the Herald, furnished yesterday morning's illustration of the refinement of the old Journalism by referring to Mr. Gladstone as "the Grand Old Windbag," and by assuring its readers that the Sultan manifested a far more Christian spirit than he.

Dr. Callot's treatment to straighten the spine will cause Mr. Platt some uneasiness. When science gets started in this direction it may later on discover some method of bracing up the backbones of executive officials who are supposed to owe something to the public.

Mr. Bayard's latest speech tends to relieve Mr. Olney of whatever credit may be attached to the Venezuelan affair. Mr. Bayard is stepping on the Administration's pet corns.

Now that he has failed to even organize a fully equipped rump Legislature, it would seem that the only thing left for Mr. Adickes is to retire from politics.

The Indianapolis monetary conference gives every promise of being as important and effective as the late Indianapolis Presidential Convention.

Mr. Platt is said to be highly pleased with the manner in which his new Governor takes and executes orders.

Mr. Quay has the State of Pennsylvania so well preserved that he feels it will keep until the next Senatorial election.

Just a Moment with the Chappies.

Is there anybody or anything that can escape the gossip?

Here is a young matron in the first digit of the ultra-fashionables and especially conspicuous in the Westchester set: a woman that ought to be above suspicion.

And yet it is alleged with all the ardor of conviction and all the zest of detail, that she was discovered the other day at a rendezvous with her lover in the Waldorf.

Of course the lover was a close friend of this erring sister's husband. It is almost always so.

The scene at the time of discovery was painful in the extreme, and speculation has been free ever since as to whether death or divorce would be the consequence.

As the days drag on, however, and nothing tragic has occurred, reconciliation is now talked of. This is not improbable, for hubbly is awfully sweet on the charms of his spouse, which suggest a Semitic strain somewhere in her genealogy, and wife is said to be filled to overflowing with remorse.

The most striking feature of this romance is that the Waldorf should have been selected for the rendezvous. That was truly Napoleonic.

Mrs. Di Zerega, who would be in poetry to the Four Hundred what Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is in prose, will give a reception this afternoon.

While I am not familiar with Mrs. Di Zerega's programme, I feel quite safe in assuming that there will be no vaudeville features.

Mrs. Di Zerega is of the literary cult and far too refined to give the slightest encouragement to a fact that is essentially vulgar and that has become dreadfully commonplace. No song and dance business for her.

In all probability this afternoon at Mrs. Di Zerega's will be devoted to poetry and music. It would not be out of place for Mrs. Di Zerega to read selections from her own verse or to have young Mr. Leonidas Westervelt sing that little thing of his called "Tancent Angelina."

That's the snail!

Away with your twanging banjos, your professional twaddle and your unseemly atmosphere of the variety stage!

What we want is something original, something that never saw the sickly glare of the footlights and never will, something that is eminently fitting for the nice ears of amateurs, something that is indisputably the product of our own genius, something sweet and soothing and soul-lifting like Di Zerega dithyrambs and "Innocent Angelina."

Colonel Harrison B. Moore, whose uniform as an aide-de-camp to the Governor has hardly had time to get on to Colonel Moore's curves, gave a dinner at the Waldorf last night to Governor Black and the other members of his staff.

Care blanche had been given, and the decorations were particularly attractive. The appetites of the company were in an inverse ratio to the length of their stay, and the amount of their cheer at the Old Guard hall, but there was nothing dry about the dinner for all that.

Philadelphia's famous Clover Club is going to hold its annual jollification on the third Thursday of this month, and preparations are under way to make the dinner conspicuous in a long list of conspicuous dinners held by this institution that is famous the world over for the originality of its entertainment.

The latest Cloverite to jump into the pupil of the public eye is Boies Penrose, who is to succeed Don Cameron as United States Senator from Pennsylvania.

Penrose is one of the Clover Club's best graces and brightest wits. His presence on the Reception Committee for the coming banquet is a guarantee, if such were needed, that the club's numerous notable guests will be well taken care of.

Somebody has sent me a little printed slip calling attention to the fact that this is the Week of Prayer.

I showed it to a group of chappies in the Waldorf night before last and they didn't do a thing afterward but talk about the forthcoming French ball.

Dudehood is too careful of the creases of its trousers to devote much attention to the Week of Prayer.

Every racing chappie in America will thank Angle Belmont for sending his horse Keenan to England.

Keenan is a big bluffer, and the money that he has cost dudehood would buy the whole Blenheim Stables, even at the fancy prices that their master was wont to pay.

Why, in a single race—when young Hobart, of California, won the Realization with Bright Phoenix—we backed Keenan to an amount that would have rescued Duncan Cameron, Berry Wall and Poulton Bigelow from the horrors of supplementary proceedings and left something over for James M. Waterbury.

Angle would better have sent Keenan to the glue factory than to England, but we are rid of the beast; at any rate, t. g.!

That very sensible social organization known as "The Dutch Treat Club" means business.

Under the chaperonnage of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander fourteen of its members spent a highly enjoyable evening of mutual independence at the Garrick Theatre Thursday night.

In the party were Miss Marion Cruger Crawford, who is very pretty and insists on playing up the Cruger; Miss Duer, Miss Justine De Peyster, Miss Helen Clarkson, Miss Bertha Bartlett, Miss Lee, Miss Post, Edward Crowninshield, Robert Livingston Stockton, Charles Van Rensselaer, Boudnot Colt and Charles Swords.

They were all young people, and as the girls took off their hats in theatre and didn't chatter too much during the performance, Mr. and Mrs. Rhinelander were very proud of their chaperons.

The whole party was entertained at supper after the theatre by St. Frederick De Peyster at his home in Forty-second street, which was another Dutch treat, but not in the club sense.

Mr. Bourke Cockran continues to be an object of interest politically, in spite of his social activity.

Indeed, I am told that Mr. Cockran's former colleagues and bosom friends in Tammany Hall are firmly convinced that "Bourke's game with the Four Hundred," as they call it, is to a direct and clearly defined political end—he is frequenting the gilded horseless of the Opera House to get backing for appointment as Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to France.

According to my Tammany authority, this has been Mr. Cockran's ambition for years. "But he is a Democrat," I said.

"They could never justly refuse him the place of that ground," was the reply. "Perry Belmont and the other goldbugs will help him pull it off."

JOHNNY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music...Two Little Vagrants
American Theatre...Captain Impudens
Bijou...The Courtiers
Broadway Theatre...Shamus O'Brien
Broadway Music Hall...The Great
Columbia Theatre...The Power of the Press
Cassidy...An American Rebut
Daly's...Much Ado About Nothing
Empire Theatre...Under the Red Rose
Eden Music Hall...World of Wax
Fifth Avenue Theatre...The Great
Grand Opera House...In Old Kentucky
Garrick Theatre...Secret Service
Garden Theatre...The Gas Parlane
Hoyt's Theatre...A Contented Woman
Herald Square...The Girl from Paris
Helen Otero House...The Goodnight
Hibber's 14th St. Museum...Vaudeville

Irving Place Theatre...Der Habener
Kidd's...Continuous Performance
Koster & Bittel...Vaudeville
Knickerbocker Theatre...The Hobbs Horse
Lyceum Theatre...The Late Mr. Castello
Metropolitan Opera House...Grand Opera
Murray Hill...The Rising Generation
Olympic Theatre...Vaudeville
P. M. Theatre, Dorcas, 8:15 P. M. Winter Garden, Bal Chamber, 11:00 P. M.
People's Theatre...The Fatal City
Pastor's Theatre...Vaudeville
Proctor's Theatre...Continuous Performance
Star Theatre...Fallen Among Thieves
Third Ave. Theatre...Latham's Ostrons
Wallack's...Kismet
14th St. Theatre...The Cherry Pickers

A WALL STREET VARIETY

"Hay, Jimmie-e-e, come 'ere. Th' old man wants yuh 't get back 't th' office an' cut his cucumbers before 3 o'clock," shrieked an urchin as he ran down Broad street from Wall early yesterday afternoon and caught up with another youth whose face wore that peculiar aged and knowing air that seems the usual characteristic of budding manhood in that region. "Th' old man's cranky as our new elevator to-day, and yuh'd better git moreen if yuh wanna keep yer job in sight."

"Taint time to cut those X. V. R. R. cucumbers till t'morrow, an' th' old man ought t' know that," responded James, haughtily. "Whattayogin'vins?"

"Yas, I know, but th' old man got one of those square envelopes addressed in angular handwriting this mornin', and yuh know that means he wants dough enough fur a few shillings, so's he can go t' Sh'aggo's wherever he tells his wife he's goin'."

To an alert listener came the query: How can vegetables be cultivated in office buildings in January, or was it some strange slang of Wall Street magnates and their retainers? Here was a field for investigation. "I say, Johnny," he remarked, as he came alongside of the boy, "where does the old man grow his cucumbers?"

Johnny's lips did not move for an instant while he "sized up" the speaker in one quick, comprehensive glance. "Oh, yes, I know yuh," he said.

"I've seen yuh twit before. Up at the scrapin' match th' other evenin' was th' last time. What paper are y' on?"

"A-h-h! yuh fellows is dead green, and youse know everything—nit. Cucumbers is what we call these little squares on th' ends of bonds and such stuff."

"Oh, yuh mean coupons?"

"Yas, coupons is what th' boss calls 'em," asserted "Tommy." "Say, yuh fellows, an' every one else, too—except us who're in the biz—thinks that cuttin' cucum—well, coupons, if yuh like that better—is lots o' fun. I was readin' in a book th' other day, 'Con Keepusher, the Tiger Typewriter, the Circus Fight for a Fortune'—say, have yuh read it? Y' out to it. It's great. Well, in this book it tells how th' portly millionaire, with chunks o' cracked ice sprinklin' on his bosom—what? Dimms, of course; oh, yuh're a jay! How he rises from his chair an' remarks to Con, with a beaming smile: 'I must now be undisturbed for a brief interval, while I indulge in the one pleasure which my boundless wealth has brought me, clippin' th' coupons off me hard earned gold—bonds, I mean.' Then for half an hour all was still in the luxurious office, save the steady snip, snip, of the banker's shears as he, his face lit with awful greed, and his hands grasping the shining shears, slashed off the tiny strips of paper from the stack of 5 per cents which lay before him, each strip representing another thousand, which would swell his bursting pockets, but for lack of which Fay Fairytrees, his dead partner's orphan child, was forced to walk the streets in hunger. I nearly lost me job while I was readin' it. Th' Tiger Typewriter, y' know, he was—"

"What? Never seen a coupon? Ah yere stringen me!"

"Well, th' boss'll say, about a quarter of twelve some day. 'Here, boy, cut the coupons off these bonds before noon, an' get 'em over to th' office in ten minits. D'y' hear? An' then I'll say, 'Tessie, an' pick up my coupon cutter an' go t' work. But nobody ever uses shears t' cut coupons wif' no days. Just a little flat piece of steel, with a square piece cut out of the corner. That's th' best thing. It's hard work. Well, so long. I must get back to th' office. Any time y' want any more information, just drop in an' fall up th' elevator.'"

THE APPRECIATIVE BULLOCK.

Smiling blandly while the sun shines On the bump-creeper's rail,
How the bullock's face with fun shines While he wags his scrawny tail.

Though upon his spine he catches Or the fly each well-aimed blow,
N'er he winces, winks or scratches Or betrays a look of woe.

N'er an ache or pain to suffer Is his firm cast-iron lot,
Certain, he is harder, tougher Than the roughest, toughest knot.

There he stands without complaining With his face upturned and calm—
While the blows are on him raining He but hums the hundredth psalm.

For he knows the blows will render— Though his ribs they almost break—
For the table him less tender When translated into steak.

And the cook will save her muscle And the matronal din
Incident upon the tussle With the steak and rolling pin.

Now the bullock smiles still sweeter, Knowing it's no passing whim
To discourse in merry metre Such a symphony on him.

Through and through unto his gullets Flows his sullen, defying fate,
While the fence rail and his ribslets, So to speak, assimilate.

And, through happy realms a wander, He is anything but sick,
Knowing he'll once more be tender While he's being boured in the quick.

R. K. MUNKITRICK.

FELINE AMENITIES.

"Well, have you made up with Henry yet?" asked the girl in the tailor-made suit.

"No, I haven't," replied the girl in the blue toque; "and I don't believe I ever shall, either. You don't know how many things have conspired against me since we quarrelled."

"I know a few of them," said the girl in the matinee.

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Lovely. Oh, yuh don't know th' old man ought t' know that," responded James, haughtily. "Whattayogin'vins?"

"Yas, I know, but th' old man got one of those square envelopes addressed in angular handwriting this mornin', and yuh know that means he wants dough enough fur a few shillings, so's he can go t' Sh'aggo's wherever he tells his wife he's goin'."

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R. K. MUNKITRICK.

DEGENERATE MARKSMANSHIP.

[Detroit Tribune.]

There were only five murders in Detroit last year, which, as compared with other years, shows a remarkable degeneration in Michigan marksmanship.

THE SISTER ART.</